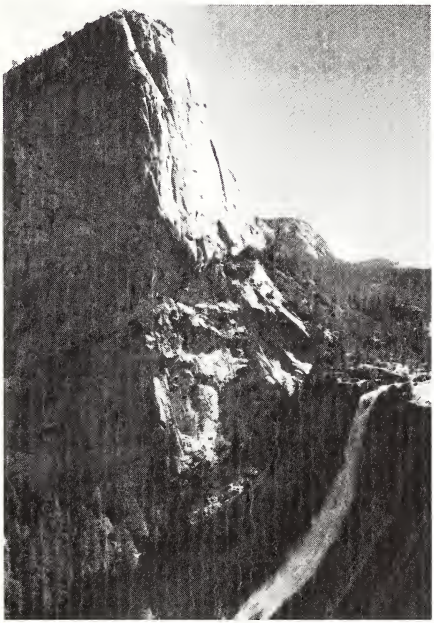
Spring 1997 Volume II, Number 1

Mount Voices

writers and artists of mount saint mary's college



Featuring:

Francesca DeLaurentiis, Esquivias, Marla Ferguson, Jennifer Krosp, Eydie Mendoza, Kathleen Principe, Varsana Staszak, Cindy Tino-Sandoval, Kristin Vanderlip, Monica Vielma

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Spring 1997 Volume II, Number 1

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writers and artists of mount saint mary's college

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Editor's Note

Every year the *Mount Voices* comes out is a cause for celebration. In this spring edition, the poetry and fiction of new authors bloom forth. Although the publication struggles every year for funding, it is my deepest hope that in the upcoming year, the magazine will be institutionalized.
I would like to thank Dr. Jane Lingua, Dr. Jackie Doud, and Sr. Mary Williams for their unflagging support on behalf of the magazine.

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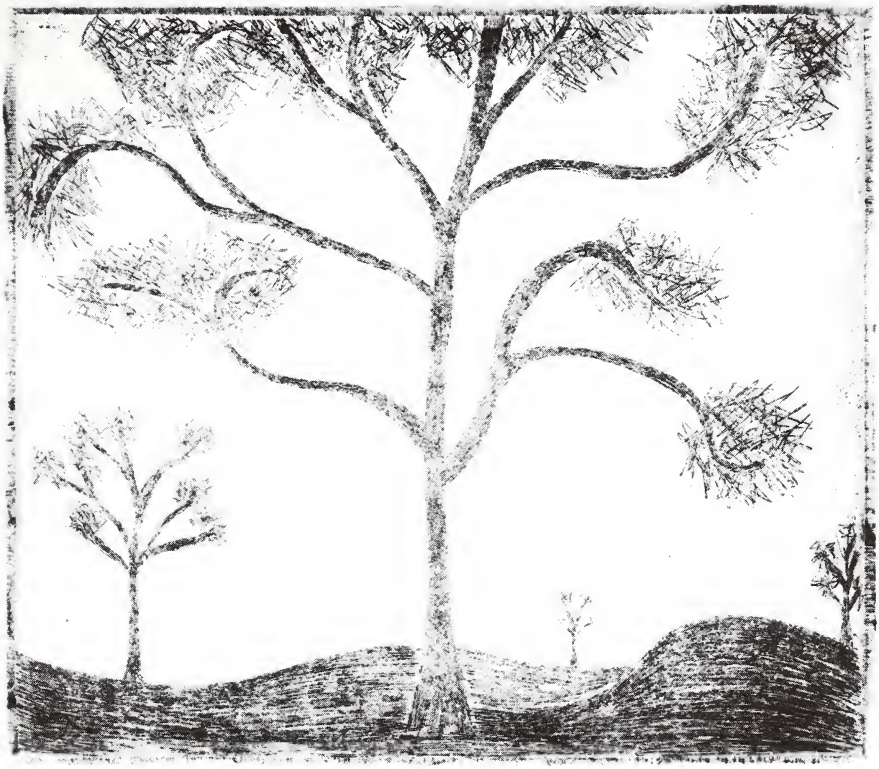
Varsana Staszak

Le champ est en jachere a part d'une seul merisier.
Une romanichelle s'appuie sur le tronc.
Les petits rameaux cambrent et les feuilles effleurent sa tete et ses epaules,
Comme elle effleure les gouttes de rosee sur la terre herbue.
Un sabot enleve, une merise tombe.
Les signes de leur echange, decouvert comme les piecettes, de la joaillerie perdue.
Un orage, en silence.
Jubiler - la compagnie d'une amie.

The field is fallow except for a single wild cherry tree.
A gypsy sits back against the trunk.
The tiny brances curve and bend, and the leaves gently brush her head and her shoulders,
Like she smooths the dew drops on the grassy earth.
A wooden shoe kicked off, a wild cherry fallen.
Signs of their exchange, discovered like small coins, lost jewelry.
A thunderstorm, in silence.
To rejoice - the company of a friend.

Varsana Staszak is a junior majoring in English and minoring in French. Currently, she is the assistant editor of *The Oracle*. Varsana began learning French in the fourth grade and hopes to put it further use when she travels to Paris in the Spring of next year. This is her debut in *Mount Voices*.



Etching **Jennifer Krosp**

Le ciel aujourd'hui
clair, bleu, mais avec beaucoup de nuages blancs et aeroplanes gris,
vu entre les arbes, les feuilles vertes dans le vent,
Je suis tres fortune parce que c'est...
la vue de ma fenetre.

The sky today
clear, blue, but with billowy white clouds and gray airplanes,
seen between the trees, the green leaves in the wind,
I am so lucky because it's...
the view from my window.

The Wind

The countryside's a canvas for the wind,
The mulched red and brown leaves whirl skywards,
The trees stand nearly naked; their leaves thinned,
In haste, it was the north I turned towards.

A thrashing of ice spears crash to the ground,
While talons of the wind refuse to yield
I stumble, down winter's path my feet pound
Dancing with the icy wind my heart reeled.

There in the snowy ground lay a green patch
And on that patch a small bird sang his song.
The gentle caress of spring's breeze could match
My joy, as south I turned, it wouldn't be long.

The season turn with the wind at their side
And me, I just went along for the ride.

Mon ame est plein d'eau.
Mon coeur batte la chamade,
Les nenuphars et les chalumeaux de roseau tremblent.
Je begaye,
Je pensais que j'etais inapercue.
Mais, non,
Tu me regarde.
Je reste bouch bee,
Et la fenetrage de mon ame ouvre.

My soul is full of water.
My heart beats wildly,
The water lilies and reeds tremble.
I stammer,
I thought I was unnoticed.
But, no,
You look at me.
I am astonished,
And the windows of my soul open.

Silver Gelatin Print **Kristin Vanderlip**

Cindy Tino-Sandoval

Crow's Catch

Old Tom Bolinger stepped out of his house, and followed the front walk down to Turner Street. There, according to his routine, he turned left and traveled a half-block before pausing underneath a row of tall old pecan trees which lined the sidewalk. He was greeted by a seasonal, yet familiar sight as the neighborhood crones ran back and forth, carrying plastic grocery bags. The old women picked up cracked pecans from the road, while the crows who had deliberately dropped them cawed and swooped angrily above. With each loss, the crows plucked still more pecans. The ancients laughed like schoolgirls as they outwitted the determined birds, and scooped up the nuts as fast as they hit the ground. Bolinger thought of the women as the "Babushkas," from the decidedly Russian appearance of their headscarves, which were knotted underneath their chins. He had known these women a good many years, and felt it was his duty to deliver off-color remarks to the nearest of them.

"Dee," he called out, "got a couple more for ya as long as you're down here!"

"Sure Tom," she replied, "no nuts go to waste around here!" Her friends looked up, laughing.

Bolinger took his leave, and continued down Turner Street to where it ended at the flood channel. He crossed the footbridge leading to Kim's Liquor on the other side. His short, churning legs carried him to the store entrance and his customary post under its dirty blue and white awning. There, he eased his squat five-foot frame onto a red plastic milk crate, just as he had every day for the last twelve years, and waited for Mr. Kim to open the store. Bolinger pulled a fresh bandanna from deep inside a baggy pants pocket, and wiped the sweat from his flushed, shiny face. His head was a uniform shade of red, topped by a few wisps of white hair so fine it appeared transparent. At seventy, he had eyes as blue as the Pacific he had fished in for most of his life; the milky cast forming over them hid nothing he wished to see. The horizon had long since disappeared behind the urbanization which now surrounded his house.

"Good morning, Tom," Mr. Kim sang out, as he arrived and unlocked the front door. Bolinger offered his boss a mock salute, stood up, and entered the store. As he headed for the stock room, he paused to fan gnats away from a bin of scrawny,

overripe apples. As he shrugged off a persistent, yet slight, dizziness, Bolinger glanced at a fly-specked calendar on the wall above. He remarked to Mr. Kim, "Fifty years ago this month I bought my boat, Kim. Named her *Lyddie B.*, after my wife. Been on my mind lately." He paused, and regarded the tiny market as if for the first time. "The *Lyddie B.* was my business as much as this store is yours. You decide how the store runs, when to throw the old apples out," he glanced at the apple bin, "or not," he added wryly.

"Well, old faht, you just remember that I decide these are pretty good apples, and a lot younger than you!" Mr. Kim retorted to his old friend.

Bolinger's smile faded slightly, as he continued wistfully, "There was a time when I called the shots, too. Me and the weather, the only two elements that had the power to send ol' *Lyddie B.* where we wanted her to go. In those days, everybody's nets were full, and the canneries were cranking full-steam. No more cannin' now, though. Not even enough fish for the fresh market."

Bolinger maneuvered behind the counter, and began to restock the cigarette rack. Kim watched thoughtfully as the old man slowly fumbled with the cigarettes, a task he had performed routinely for more than a decade.

"You know," Bolinger stammered, "in those days we didn't have motors to pull them nets in. We used these," he held his open hands up, and inspected their leathery palms. "You know the feeling, Kim, when a man has the weight of sustenance in his hands, and the power to land it at his feet?"

"I think so, my friend. But there are a lot of ways," Mr. Kim remarked, as he handed Bolinger a chipped coffee mug filled with matchbooks.

"Not for me." Bolinger's short reply was in a slightly surprised tone, as if he had discovered a comfortable old cap no longer fit. "But *Lyddie B.'s* long gone, and I'm high and dry..." the old voice trailed off, and Bolinger's eyes held a faraway look. But he took a deep breath, snapped his head up, and passed Mr. Kim an empty carton. "Got work to do," he said, as crisply as his dry, throaty voice would allow.

Henry Kim was fond of Bolinger, who was his only employee. It was a mutually beneficial relationship; for the price of a six pack, a *Playboy*, and a few groceries, Bolinger would watch the door all week. he sometimes apprehended juvenile candy thieves, or stared down their older brothers, as they inched

toward the exit with green bottles of cheap wine tucked inside their open flannel shirts. Bolinger slipped youngsters change if they came up short at the register, each time cackling, "Remember who you owe, now." He took every opportunity to pass on a good fish tale, and exaggerated freely. Anyone was a likely audience for Bolinger, if they lingered for more than a few moments at the register. Local children, their parents, working people who stopped in for a cold soda, they could all tell "Tom stories" the way Bolinger told fish stories. This generally delighted Mr. Kim, who regarded Bolinger as his own local landmark, a portly P.R. rep. No matter that Bolinger insisted on calling him the "Ko-Rean," accent of the "Ko," Kim liked having the old man around. Bolinger couldn't give chase in case of a theft, but he never forgot a face. Mr. Kim knew it was a lucky thing to be near such a long life.

His morning chores finished, Bolinger settled onto his red crate just outside the door. He sniffed at the breeze which carried, he thought, an oddly tinged odor of salt. Could it be the first hint of El Nino creeping into the early wind? The tropical current that wreaked havoc with weather patterns ashore had always provided a riotous bounty for Bolinger and his crew. Warm water species such as yellowtail, dorado, and even marlin could be found in unbelievable places. Bolinger recalled the strange effects of that southern visitor, and remembered how he once witnessed a waterspout, warm and whirling, suck the water and fish straight up out of his net, as if reclaiming something stolen. He had told that story more than a few times, too. Bolinger sniffed again. No... not *El Nino*, not even fresh but almost a corruptly salt smell. Could it be red tide, a noxious bloom infecting the foaming surf, leaving piles of suffocated, paralyzed fish heaped upon a fly-shrouded beach? Bolinger stifled an involuntary shudder. That was the way of the sea, he reflected, bounty and death. The sea both gave and wasted, freely.

Bolinger's afternoon passed in such reverie, haunted by the scent of the wind. He went back into the store, and picked up a package containing two porkchops, their expiration date only recently passed. He put them into a bag, added a quart of milk, and some speckled bananas. He gave Mr. Kim a brief wave, and headed for home.

Bolinger felt agitated and unsettled. His instinctive reaction to the moist, ominous breeze created a feeling of expectancy. The docks were several miles to the west, and winds of this type normally don't last all day. By the time afternoon rolled around,

the sky had turned a threatening yellow-gray. Bolinger made his way back up Turner Street, and vaguely noted the absence of the Babushkas. Even the crows had abandoned the fight, and the pecan trees were silent, except for the increasing rustle of their browning leaves. Bolinger turned onto the front walk of his house and checked the black iron mailbox, which was empty, as usual. He slowly climbed the three porch steps, and stepped inside.

In the kitchen, Bolinger unwrapped and fried one of the porkchops and an egg for his supper, wrapping the remaining piece of meat back into its foam tray. Everything came packaged for two, it seemed, and it still annoyed him. He had thought of giving up meat altogether. If any of his old fishing buddies were around, Bolinger knew he'd take a razzing for even thinking about dropping from the top of the food chain. He smeared egg yolk over the chop, cut it into bites, and chewed slowly. He was tired, but dreaded facing the long hours of insomnia his uneasi ness would probably cause. He carried his dishes to the sink, then clicked on the small kitchen television. Thirteen glorious inches of full-color weather flickered into view. The 3-D LaserMap showed the local coast line, and swirling masses in black and purple, indicating the greatest intensity of storm activity far out to sea. Bolinger watched as the computer-simulated storm pushed the swirls inland. The announcer droned on, and Bolinger dozed fitfully. The purple and black swirls shaped and reshaped themselves in his deepening slumber, swirling and undulating with a snake-like pulse. The images were disturbing - he could not surrender into sleep so easily, and was pulled back to consciousness by a distant thunderclap. He rose to turn off the old set. As Bolinger headed into the next room, he started at a long creak from deep within his old house. The kitchen seemed to sway momentarily, and he rode out a slight wave of dizziness. Jesus Crimeny Christ, he thought. He steadied himself against the table, pulled up a chair, and sat down. Oh, *Lyddie B.* Bolinger knew these sounds, this dizziness. It always did take him a little while to find his sea legs. He remembered the rocking view from the wheelhouse, looking down at the wide circle of net which boiled with the day's catch. He folded his arms on the table, gripped the edges with his hands, and laid his head down. With his eyes shut tightly against the austere reality of his old house, Bolinger could hear the dry flutter of thousands of fins as fish were heaved onto the deck. He surveyed his catch, and could not have felt richer if the fish were made of gold. Bolinger released

his grip on the table's edge, let his head roll to the side, and smelled their thick salt-scent. Slowly, he raised his head, and rejoiced as he scanned the tilting horizon. Fifty years of fish stories came rushing back to flood his memory. The real, the imagined, the exaggerated...he reveled in the richness of them all, their essential truth, regardless the content. In the distance, a waterspout whirled, darkly. He knew this one. As he watched, it drew nearer, sucking the ocean up in a path straight toward the *Lyddie B.* This time, to Bolinger's surprise, his catch was not lost to the vortex, which instead seemed to head straight toward him. Bolinger's right arm was drawn into the whirling bandit, then his head and torso, as if through a conduit. His legs were lifted with ease, and dangled momentarily before being consumed. The waterspout spun away, bulging with its bounty. As Bolinger strained to reach through its turbulent embrace, he could see his catch still shimmering on the deck, and hear fins flapping an accompaniment to the waterspout's decrescendo as it shrunk in the distance.

In the morning, the Babushkas eagerly left their houses to scavenge for any pecans blown loose by the storm. Branches and other debris littered the street, and at first they did not see Tom Bolinger's crumpled from lying in the road. The Babushkas gathered around the body, crying out in disbelief. The crows hopped all around them, devouring shattered pecans from fat bags.

Mr. Kim swept the sidewalk in front of the store, clearing away leaves and trash. He was aware of the unoccupied red milk crate, shiny with the previous night's rain. He carried the apple bin to the dumpster out back, and tumbled the soft fruits into the soaked and stinking trash. He did not have to look at his watch to know that the morning was slipping away. Kim stocked the cigarette rack, dusted the counter and shelves. He carried cases of canned goods from the back, finally appreciating their weight in his hands. Chores finished, Mr. Kim settled onto the milkcrate to watch the door. His vigilance would be in vain, for something, he knew, had already been stolen that day.

Cindy Tino-Sandoval graduated from the Weekend College two years ago. Her work has previously been featured in *Mount Voices.*

Silver Gelatin Print **Jennifer Krosp**

Jennifer Krosp is a fourth-year art major who has had her work featured in the Senior Art Exhibit at the Jose Drudis Biada Gallery in Mount St. Mary's College. She debuts this issue with photographs of farm houses and other rustic scenes.

Kathleen Principe

A Sixties Alumna Fell
Under Carmina Burana's Spell

In taberna
Mario's spaghetti
and the purple wine
on Friday nights we came
hunched over books
ate and dreamed
of revolution.

Gaudeamus
igitur expresso
and the candles drip
on checkered cloths green wax
with tea stains spilled
cold and strong
from earthen mugs.

Juevenes we
fled UCLA and the Holy Mount
with long-haired boys we laughed
proved God or not
fought and smoked
Benson & Hedges.

Post molestam
five days in the stacks
with the moulding text
on Friday nights we leapt
over the wall, grey and
ancient with erudition.

Tranquillam we wept
to the flamenco at El Toril
and more purple wine
analyzed Freud, dreamed
and dragged on Benson & Hedges.

Kathleen Principe attended the Mount in the 60's. She recalls a former English professor, Sr. Laurentia, who encouraged her to continue writing. She has previously been published by the University Press.

Retreat

The sea green as bottle
glass and bulging landward
breaks against the bulwarked
seawall, white and terrible.

Sheltered from the waves
the cove lies snug. The waters
glide around the mossy rocks
and children wade for mussels.

Wet and gritty the concrete
stairways mount the cliffside,
leveling out to sidewalk at the top,
the grassy plots with benches ranged
like iron monuments.

Here they rest,
the ladies from the condos.

Wealthy, dressed in doubleknits
and muted wools, bundled up
against the summer sun (they
never sweat) their tinted glasses
screening out offending light.

Hearing aids tuned down to muffle shouts
of children on the beach and endless
ocean pounding. Restless. Restless.

One, insulated by the windbreak,
turns her mink-draped back against
the sea, and scans the *Reader's Digest.*

Cut off from all disturbance, here
they rest, the sound and heat and spasms
of the sea shut out, dry and barren
as washed up bone.

World War II: When we were the lettuce capital

All nights the trains paced the flat land, lean hounds
baying at the tracks converging - east, east.
Pigeons on the Dunlack roof dropped layers of defeat
as pickers slept. Down Main St. at the sheds we loaded
freights. All night, white-fingered in the cold we packed
the moon-leafed lettuce in crates - slats, stacks - unstoppable
lettuce rolling eastward on the cities - streets of ice.
And melons. Melons made by million. Days were dark.
We sold them suns of cantaloupe and desert moons.

Tractor Jennifer Krosp

Kathleen Principe

Vermeer's "Girl Asleep"

She sleeps. The door a jar discloses
further silence, creamy light, a room
uncluttered, nearly bare of color:
table, somber rug, a window. It is night.
She sleeps stiff-bosomed in a dress of rich
unyielding stuff, elbow of a table, head
leaning light against the upraised hand as if
in thought. As if in thought a moment later
to be broken, eyes opened, hand and fingers flexed,
smile, aimless talk, only a small red blot
upon the cheek, where knuckles pressed too deep.
And yet not. The lethargy implies a longer sleep,
a spell. Her face is empty as the East, unreadable.
Pearl drops suspended in the swing from trance to death
her earrings, merchants' finest, as her russet dress.
The table's spread with carpets, kilims,
the plate of fruits familiar and are, caught
in flawless ripeness, spared. No rot
can pierce this ambient clarity of air. She sleeps
a still-life under class, beyond the touch of time.
Three hundred years have passed her, undisturbed.

Etching **Kristin Vanderlip**

Kristin Vanderlip

Trivial pursuit ... monopoly ... clue
games
these games like the checkerboard
I see you playing on
or maybe it's a chessboard
I don't know
"I seem to be easily confused
these days"
she says to you
looking away
towards the other side of
the board
yes, it must be a chessboard
for I see the pawn
next to me is
smiling
and the queen
is laughing
rolling about
in a jolly manner
and I don't
understand the joke
because it was told in French
and I can only speak English
but I see that you are pleading with her
with Alice
to understand your intentions
and you don't seem to realize
that she- I- can't make sense
of your words
looking up
I see the pillars
bowing down to the earth
she is lost
in this mass confusion
this chaotic upheaval
and somehow
even though she is allowed
to stop playing
your game
she never
does

blackened clouds cover my eyes
leading me to unknown lands
and i'm thinking I know
but I probably don't
silence is broken by the mocking laughter
ringing loudly through these desolate halls
with cathedral ceilings above
capturing the ghosts I release
their stained-glass pictures
drip red blood to the ground
and I raise my arms
to catch the last of the golden prayers
slipping under the door
I fall to my knees
and I kiss the cold marble floor
I turn my cheek and place beneath
as rivers flow upon my face
forming silver pools at my fingertips
I close my eyes
and breathe in contentment

Kristen Vanderlip is an art major, minoring in Graphic Design. Her art work has been featured in the Senior Art Exhibition at the Jose Drudis Biada Gallery. She has previously published in her high school literary magazine.

untitled

the insincerity
of the ignorant
pushes me
to the edge of reality
as I try
to look at it
from a different view
my eyes are shaded
by the clustering shadows
like the fog
on a rainy day

untitled

the darkest twisting waters
remind me of one I knew
or thought I did
until I ventured upon
forbidden land
and a forbidden smile
was mine
from this glimpse of the heart

blackened irony
spills out
overflowing
from your smile
your silent laughter
at nothing in particular
as I watch
in disbelief
the tragedy
forming
as the world spins
and the room spins
and you are spinning

and I laugh
as you fall down
it's not funny
it's just stupid.

Anonymous

A Letter to Carl

Smoke rings fill the room
I walk in gloom
No doors, nor windows, no escape
I gasp for air and curse my fate
The smell of cigarettes breath
Flicker your hands
Ashes fall to the ground
They drowned
Once they reach the bucket of tears
You're still nowhere to be found

Wash me down
Wash me down
I can't differ anymore
From the water that cleanses
To the tears that pour

Wash me down
Wash me down
Just like the rain
It cleanses, but does it
Remove the stain

Dim the light
Wishes of last good night
I apologize, I'm sorry, my mistake
Strike the match, burn at the stake
Lost for words
Relied on a sign
Lay down the cards
To see what we find
Seal the jars, put it back on the shelf
Move on and pick up myself
Admire only from a far
This letter is for you Carl

Our apologies to the author of "A Letter to Carl", who remains anonymous due to our negligence in placing the secret envelope.

Silver Gelatin Print **Kristin Vanderlip**

Francesca De Laurentiis

Papa

My father is still on exactly the same schedule as he was an infant. He wakes up at the crack of dawn, wailing because no one else is up. In his adult years the wail has become a low, guttural, cigar - and - espresso-breath, Italian wake up call. His fear of loneliness compels him to wake everyone up-- except, of course, my mother-- as soon as his brain cells discern the early hours of the morning. When my siblings and I were younger, we were the prime targets of my father's weekend morning mania. Shuffling our feet like a sleepy mummies, we congregated in the kitchen as Papa tried to make breakfast. This meal always consisted of spaghetti left over from the night before. He would mix the pasta with eggs, while splattering everyone in the process, then he would fry it up in a sort of greasy frittata.

This become one of his trademark recipes, and when we moved to the States, he would whip up "spaghetti breakfasts" for his early morning meetings with American businessmen who had no qualms about attending 7:00 a.m. meetings at "Dino's house." My father always admired America because, unlike Italy, it's a nation of early risers. Soon these "spaghetti breakfasts" became quite famous throughout New York's entertainment community. I was immensely happy that Papa had found other willing victims for his early morning culinary activities. Busy with his meetings, he now allowed me to sleep just until it was time to rush off to school. He would send me off with a piece off with a piece of his cold and tough "world renowned" spaghetti that I promptly threw in the trash as soon as I discovered the American "doughnuts" that were sold at school.

Being the youngest daughter, I became my father's main morning target. My teenage brother and sisters were always able to shrug him off, and sleep through glorious summer mornings. Not me. I HAD to get up. There were no excuses I could give to sleep until the sun would awaken even the earliest rising birds. Every summer our whole family relocated to southern France. The summer months would have been my opportunity to indulge in sleep, except, of course, for my father's love of fishing. He claimed that early morning was a perfect time for fishing. Mamma Mia! Not again, not fishing Dino-style again!

My father had a peculiar way of fishing. He was, in his opinion, the capable fisherman in the world. According to him, he is an absolute expert in every field, knows every secret to any business, and the wisdom of life is always at his fingertips. "Keep quiet and observe the genius" is his favorite saying, especially when it pertains to fishing. We would set out in the boat at 5:00 a.m., and being the skipper, I unfortunately did more than just "observe." Hoisting up the anchor was just the first of and

many chores still to come. From the Mediterranean, our house looked dark and peaceful. I could envision my sister and brother, who should have been on anchor duty, turning over in their beds, making soft, sleepy noises as they heard the motor of our boat roar into life. They could sleep. They had escaped another fishing excursion. "Dino's fishing" meant navigating far enough south, until we reached the perfect spot. This was where many Italian fishing boats converged. We would then carefully approach each boat as the water boiled with their nets, brimming with fish. Storms of seagulls circled and screeched overhead, and my father had to scream to be heard over them. "He! Ma che ci'avete un po di calmari?" If we were lucky enough to find the calamari he was looking for, we would carefully maneuver our boat next to their. My most important job then was praying, as my father's driving skills, in any vehicle, were and are still terrible. Once I had secured the protection pads on the side of our boat, we would climb up into the smelly and filthy fishing boat. This was what I most loathed about our fishing trips. The boat's floor was covered with about two inches of water. Little slimy bits of fish gut always found a way inside my sandals, and the smell was so pungent that it hurt to breathe. Piles of dead fish were everywhere, and my father went around gingerly poking their dead eyes to ascertain their freshness. "Francesca look at this one's eyes! They're so beautiful and fresh!" My stomach slowly churned as I tried to evade the smell by pinching my nose shut and breathing through my mouth. "Eh, Francesca, you never appreciate anything, all you care about is books!"

Upon our return to the house I headed straight for the shower. I sometimes liked to make a detour towards the pool. My sisters, seeing my bloody outfit and slimy sandals turned up their noses at my smelly appearance. As they laughed and jeered at me, I cautiously looked around for my father. The coast was clear, and in a flash, I was in the pool hugging and kissing my sisters, trying to rub some of my "perfume" off on them and telling them how much I had missed them while I was fishing. I did not stop until I made them promise to take me out for ice cream after dinner.

At dinner my father proudly brought out the fish and the calamari. "Eh, look at this beautiful fish! I fought with it all morning, eh, look at the eyes, it's like he's still alive." Winking at me he added, "Francesca, tomorrow we go again!" With a sigh I tried to divert his attention to another gourmet experience. "I have a craving for your incredible, world-renowned, spaghetti breakfast, I dreamt about it last night!" I glanced at my snickering sisters, "Veronica and Raffaella could help; we have barely seen them at all this summer, all they do is sleep!"

Francesca De Laurentiis debuts in this issue of *Mount Voices*. She is a senior English and Psychology major who plans to pursue a graduate degree in either field.

Marla Ferguson

Dry Cereal

I am preparing to write this down,
my love for someone who does not seem to exist,
Dotting my ground more definitely like who
I wished I was.

My feet are stuck in grave
To one hasn't yet filled
And in my morbid sense I still touch the back
of the seat where he once
laid his hand-
to capture him

as if that were really so hard.

He breathes on my neck as he passes my chair
at the kitchen table,
folding the empty box of
Dry cereal into the trash which is overflowing
in our laziness.

My eyes are closed ...

We do not only dream of those we are in love with,
but also of those we once loved.

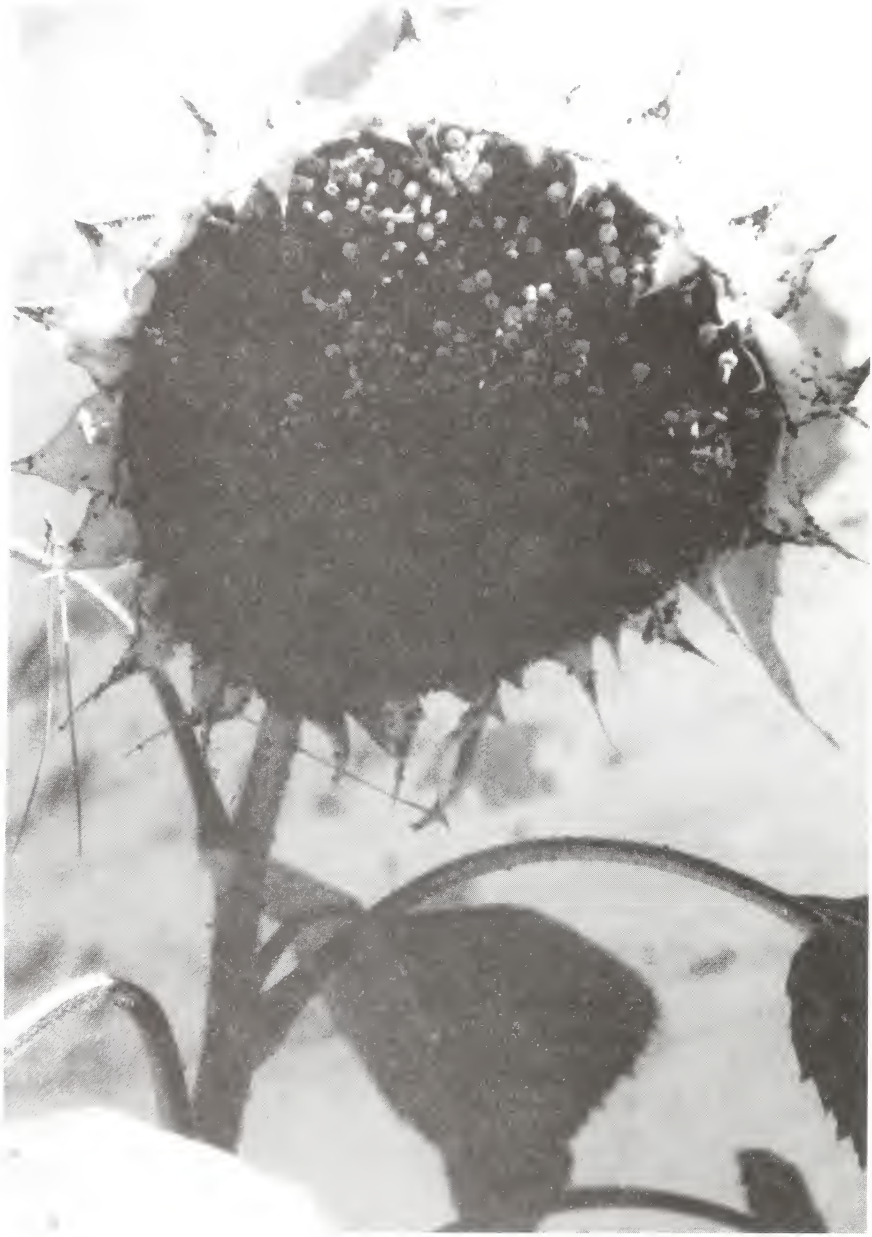
Marla Ferguson, Editor of the *Oracle*, the Mount newspaper, is a senior majoring in English and minoring in Women's Studies. She has been previously published at the University of Arizona and in *Mount Voices*. She plans to pursue a Masters of Fine Arts in Creative Writing after she graduates from the Mount.

Eydie Mendoza

untitled

i receive your apologies
like flowers
scented
oh so sweet
soft petals of velvet
caress my lips
but
like carnations
dry a bitter hue

Majoring in English and Spanish, Eydie Mendoza is a junior who hopes to pursue a Ph.D. in English, Comparative Literature. This is her debut in *Mount Voices.*



Silver Gelatin Print

Kristin Vanderlip

Enjoy, Venus Angels!

1

Unmasked! Untired dancers! Immortal angels
Breaking out the fire of life and resurrecting
The pain stricken dead, eating their dread.
Oh! sun-dipped, golden-soft wings,
Sweet, ruby-peach lips and satin skin.
Dunn or snowy; it matters not, for all
Entwine together in mystical love.
Red dawn, coal sand, green velvet mountains;
In the basin is where the celebration lies,
Near glass-like cool pools.
Dance! Sing! Fly! Enjoy, Venus Angels!
The shining star is yours and your elder
Loves all and has a brain as sweet as yours.
None seek to harm but share love, joy, all that is theirs.

2

Immaculate angels with one hand to
These funny fairies and another gripping
Their wooden beads; eyes downcast.
Holy men opening their ears to the music,
Quickly murmuring their prayers chasing it
Away. They want to be, the want to
Be but dare not ask. Can I {a delicious
Whisper: a VENUS ANGEL} be?

Monica Vielma is a fourth-year English major. She one day hopes to write the great novel.

Esquirias

Touch the painting that comes to life again
As it turns back from the taciturn grove

Seek out mirror in yourself
The mirror that accompanies your overrun desires

Find your remote resemblance
That discovers the empty reflection in your naked hair

This will allow you to go out and offer your purity
To those asleep

So that when you dream, the dream world
Will awaken the material world
And you shall see the eye you bathe in
With your profile internally boundless

Nothing lies between life and dreams

Your adventure alone will delight you

Esquivias, by day, is a staff member at the Mount and by night, performs his poetry. His work has previously been featured in *Mount Voices.*

Oedipus in Yucatan

The rain-shattered temple rises
From a wrinkled and sneering forest
Dancing under the unrelenting scent of a voluptuous dream sun

These infant columns once commanded the sea
Their ruins now flower into the gentle sunlight of a woman's shoulder

What dream is this, Antigone?

Here the descent of the baisano abyss
Its swaying edges cut by the jagged fields
Its bewildering fantasy
Its sweet darkness in the land amongst wings

Here the enveloped veils made of turquoise suns
Expose a rainbow-hued swan that glides in the round foam

What dreams are these?

Only the silent voice of our eternally sleeping mother
Sleeping at the ashen edge of harmony
Where alchemy trophies inspired mysteries

Silver Gelatin Print

Jennifer Krosp